Semi-Weekly World.

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O, WOMAN, WOMAN!

It was Saturday evening. Her name is Mrs. Truin, and she hails from Bingham. He, too, is a Bingamite, and his friends call him Miller. She has a husband. He is a bachelor. They loved each other in Bingham, aud they met in Salt Lake. He went to the Great Western hotel and squandered four bits in buying the use of a room. She also went to that apartment and the door Was locked. The hotel proprietor liked not these proceedings and demanded that the door be swung wide at his knock. Then there were confusion and consternation, and after a season the door was opened. Miller gazed at the landlord with two eyes, and a pistol looked at him also. She whispered Miller to shoot, but he wouldan't. Then there was more consternation, and the hotel man hastened for the police, and the police hurried to the hotel. They found her on the staires; she found the hotel man's short ribs with her fists' and Miller and Truin soon found themselves in the police station, where they found the latter's husband. She wept at sight of the urbane judge expressioned sadly at sight of her. The witness told the story of the first assault on the landlord. She smiled scornfully and said the witnesses lied under oath. She called upon her hubby, dear, to swear that she was a good woman, and husband swore that she was good—to Miller, not to hubby. He swore that she had deserted her home—a model home; left her daughter—a butiful daughter; fled from her husband—a kind husband, and became a wife to Miller with all that the name implied. He further testified on oath that his cup of temporal happiness would slop over if he could for a minute—one little minute—have Miller to himself outside the court room. Then she wrathed again and said, "Prove that I am your wife, sir! I'm not your wife. You deceived me, sir! You inveigled me into marrying you by a false name, and I'm not your wife, and you're a scoundrel, and—' "Hush, 'sh-'sh" said the judge, and the officers said, "Hush, 'sh 'sh,', and the spectators breathed 'sh, and she hushed. Thed the judge said it was a case,—and she said it wasn't. "It is a bad house, and he keeps a bad house, and I'd like to get my fingers on him just one minute, and —" "Hush, 'sh, 'sh," said the judge, and everybody said 'sh, and she hushed.

The judge said he would fine Miller $50 and Mrs. Train $25, and they would be committed till the fines are paid. She wrung her hands, and reached out for the landlord. "I'd like to put my hands on you, you liar. I'd be willing to pay $25 if I could touch you just once." "Hush, 'sh," said all.

Then the witness told how she felt for the landlord's short ribs, and the judge "painful dutied" her $20 for that display of woman's rights. Whew! but didn't she writhe in her agony? The jailor took down a long brass key tenderly hooked his hand inlo her elbow and slowly and sadly they marched to the prison door. Three wild, faint shrieks pierced the night air, the checkered door closed behind her, and she was lost to society. In forty-five days she will emerge an older and a sadder woman.—*S. L. Herald.*

BILL AND THE WIDOW.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand, and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's so awfully shy. Why he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place and borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week Nellie."

So saying, Ed started, and while he is mowing the fields we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he had wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster on a grasshopper. But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle in to his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show that everybody is talking about and everybody and his girl are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and has scrubbed up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadfully lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, nnd it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingo, if I were a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot-hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young bagrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine; and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her—until, at a distance of about a mile from her house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and, striking on the planks, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumfounded at his piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and, getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fish rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow—and no time to be lost for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and besides, if he did he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road, to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy-cold water, but his teeth did not chatter in nis head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir the mud up, and when he get to the right spot he dropped under the water and came out with his teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting. "Whoa! whoa! Stop, you brute, you stop?" But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him.

Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it flat as a pancake. Bill snatched at it as he ran, and, after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the top of the hill, and what, oh what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got of 'Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattling of wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley, and he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of her gate, and her face toward him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand.

The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said; he had to go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "You're going to Green's, are you? Why, I am going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, what a scrape! and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gait again he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why, said the boy, "ain't you the young man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No sir, I am not! You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up the lines, will you, please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; then he pulled one corner of the robe down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

(You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.)

"Oh, my," said Bill, earnestly; "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out with a long silk necktie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley, a necktie?"

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was careless;" and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

Bill felt her hand going down, and making a dive after it, clutched it in his and held hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his hat and face so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What's the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start which came near jerking the robe off from his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered Bill.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, "what is the matter? do tell me." She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, she stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so that he lost his balance and went over the low-back buggy. The little woman gave a low scream as his boots feet flew past her head; and covering her face with her hands gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was right side up in a moment, and leaning over the back of the seat, humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear.

Ed. was like to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned to his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind. Bill lost no time in rearranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion he got him to go home with him, hunting up slippers and socks and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was wormed out of bashful Bill, and they all laughed as they sat around the table that night, but will conclude by saying that they went to the show together and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the widow, just as I had it from Ed. Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him.

LETTER FROM ARIZONA.

Mr. W. W. Hutchison, formerly of [illegible] Basin, and known here as Ned Hutchison, writes the following letter to Mr. William Tincher, of this place, which gentleman kindly permits us to publish. It will be read with interest by Ned's old friends in this Territory, who will be pleased to learn of his prosperity in Arizona:

PRESCOTT, August 23, 1875.

FRIEND BILLY—I see by the World that you are starting a cabinet, and thinking that you would like to have some specimens from this country, I thought that I would send you one or two. I send you one from the Silver Belt that Thorne and I are interested in, and one from the celebrated Peck mine, but we have no interest in the Peck.

We have made two attempts to smelt our ore, and the furnace gave way both times, and then we concluded to ship some to San Francisco, and so we have six tons on the way now, but don't know how it will turn out, but I don't think that we can make much, for I got a list of prices that they pay for ore, and find out that they will pay us but about sixty per cent. of what the assays; so to pay freight on it from here we cannot make anything. In the last trials that we made with the furnace, we run through about one thousand pounds of ore and got two hundred pounds of bullion that was worth $2,200 a ton; so you can see that we have a good mine, and one that we would want if it was anywhere else but here.

The Peck mine is a great deal richer than ours. They are going to ship twelve tons that is worth about $3,000 per ton, and is conceded to be the "biggest thing on ice."

You can see by the *Miner* about a mine in the Southern part of this Territory, that they have struck pure silver in. I have seen men from there that say it is an actual fact; but as to the extent of it no one knows.

There is no mistake but what this is the richest Territory in the United States, but at present the slowest going one, for it seems as though we can never get capital to come here; but we still live in hopes.

Give my regards to all old friends and drop a line and let me know how you are doing. Yours, truly,

W. W. HUTCHISON.

IT is said that Prince Bismarck speaks good English and does not use a word of slang, and that is more than Americans or Englishmen can do.

OLD Santa Anna is as fond of cock fighting as ever, but don't bet quite so high.